UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXVIII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1892. NUMBER 25

UNITY.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: $1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

A WRITER for *Cassell's Journal* presents a vivid picture of that most popular and successful journalist, Mr. W. T. Stead, who, he says, realizes Goethe's ideal, in that he is both "unhasting" and "unresting." He describes him as a most impressive personality, "by turns mystical and worldly, simple and cynical, egotistic and generous, pitiless and sympathetic." Mr. Stead is an enthusiastic believer in the Salvation Army, though himself a regular attendant at the Congregational church. Lowell and Carlyle are his favorite authors, and he makes grateful acknowledgment of his debt to both.

A GOOD friend of ours is stirred with an indignation scarcely curbed by prudence or judicious fairness, over various utterances of UNITY, sometimes on the contributors' page, sometimes in the church-door pulpit, and perchance, occasionally, in the editorial department, which seem to him disrespectful to, and unsympathetic with, the temperance reformer. We should be glad to give our correspondent place in our columns, were his words not infused with a bitterness and a tendency to impugn motives which we think unworthy of himself and of the cause he defends. People differ honestly concerning the methods of the temperance movement, but they ought not on that account to forget that all parties are working for a common cause, and that the cause needs all kinds of work and all kinds of workers.

A NEW YORK exchange deplores the backwardness of that city in kindergarten work, contrasting it with the progress made in other cities, and making especial mention of Chicago and the labors of Miss Harrison. It adds that New York will have to bestir herself if she wishes to keep pace with her western sister in educational matters. New York has a Kindergarten Association of large and influential membership, which is now considering a proposition to establish a free kindergarten in every poor district in the city. There are now, it seems, only four such schools there; which makes us think our contemporary is right, and that Chicago is far ahead of the great eastern metropolis in some things.

A SHORT time ago we called attention to the wonderful results accomplished in the teaching of the little blind, deaf and dumb girl, Millie Robin, at the Perkins Institute in Boston. A still more remarkable case is that of Helen Keller, aged eleven. The *Week*, a Canadian journal, publishes a fairy story written by Helen, "The Frost King," which would be considered a remarkable production from any child; and when it is remembered that the author in this case has no recollection of ever having heard a sound or seen a color, the wonder increases as to how and where so vivid an imagination gained its means of growth. Helen's time of study only extend over a period of about five years, which puts to blush the accomplishments of most children who have full possession of their faculties and are surrounded with all the opportunities and incentives for an education.

MRS. MARY B. WILLARD, once so intimately connected with *The Union Signal* and the work of the W. C. T. U., and who for the last few years has been at the head of a successful American home school for girls in Berlin, Germany, announces an attractive arrangement for some summer journeys for young ladies who desire to study abroad. Three itineraries are offered; one for the benefit of those who have already made the conventional tour of Europe and who wish to extend their travels through Denmark, Norway, Russia and the Carpathian Mountain countries back to London; the other, a less extended journey through Norway, Sweden and down into Europe through Switzerland; the last the more conventional trip which the novice desires to make. These trips will cover about three months. The young ladies will be accompanied from New York or Chicago and return with suitable attendants. The expense of the three trips are respectively one thousand, eight hundred, and six hundred and fifty dollars. We know of no more competent person to conduct such travels than Mrs. Willard, and we know of no better innovation than to encourage young ladies who are in quest of culture to travel in such company, rather than in that of the intellectually indolent and the socially ambitious tourist, who so often assume such duties. We commend Mrs. Willard's work to our readers.

OUR attention is called once more to the needs of the Indian, in a printed protest sent out by the Women's National Association against the removal of the Utes from Colorado to Utah. The Utes number about 950, and occupy a strip of land 15 by 110 miles in extent, on the southwestern edge of the state, containing a rich farming tract on which the neighboring white man has cast covetous eyes. The Association we have referred to makes a severe arraignment against the government for its failure to keep its pledges to these people, in the way of contributions of money, tools and school-houses. It is the old story repeated again, which was told so forcibly in "A Century of Dishonor," yet which still does not seem to be able to right the wrongs it betrays.

SOME of the Methodists are urging the revival of the Wesleyan hymns in their churches, which seem to have fallen into comparative disuse in late years. It is said that the essence of Methodism is found in these hymns, and that the preaching of the Methodist pulpit inclines to become more doctrinal as they fall into neglect. "Our hymns when used constantly in the public congregation serve as a theological seminary. The main points in our church life are the warp and woof of Wesleyan hymnology," says one of the denominational papers. It also condemns the popular Sunday-school hymn because of its too easy, jingling character, a feeling we heartily sympathize with. "Stimulating jingles should no more displace the Scriptural verses of Wesley than should shouts take the place of Christian doctrine and work."

MR. L. J. B. LINCOLN, who has had charge of the summer school at Deerfield, Mass., for several years, has originated a new literary diversion in New York and Boston. It is a magazine club, in which the articles are read by the writers, selected from the well-known contributors to the printed magazines. Mr. Lincoln acts as editor, and supplies the introductory essay, after which follow the original poems, short stories and other articles by the contributors. The name of the club is "Uncut Leaves." About half a dozen of these entertainments have already taken place, and the fact that so many distinguished names appear on the list of entertainers shows that the hunger for expression is a growing need, even among those whose chances of securing it are the best; and which the indulgent public's anxiety to meet its idols on any new terms feeds and promotes at the same time.

WE READ that Mr. Spurgeon once expressed his gratitude that he was the minister of a large church, saying he did not think he had the talent to lead a small charge. There is much wisdom in this. The growth of a church is not always dependent on the minister. The causes which keep a church small, poor and struggling may lie in other directions. Locality, social influence, the general tone and character of the community,—these are, in some cases, forces and motives the most brilliant and devoted minister finds it difficult to overcome. If, in spite of these, he succeeds in keeping the society together, and carrying on the work of the church to the promotion of a church's true end, he deserves as much credit as the more popular minister who wins a larger hearing and with it larger means of help in his work. This is especially true of the liberal or Unitarian church, which, in all but a few cases where exceptional ability or good fortune have led to other results, must command the allegiance of a few, working in small and hampered fashion, yet for needs as important, if not as widespread, as any other.

WHY will our Unity Club workers scatter so recklessly? Does not all experience prove that conversation, high and intelligent, the thing to be most sought after by the Unity Club, is possible only around those subjects which represent *cumulative* intelligence and *co-operative* study and reading? A beautifully printed programme, and admirable in detail, is before us, covering twelve or fourteen nights; but each evening is not only distinct from every other evening but the evening itself consists of seven or eight numbers, each one varying from each other, sometimes as widely as a biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell and the "Persecution of the Jews." We can but feel that this band of earnest workers would gain much larger results at the end of the year if they would concentrate their activities upon James Russell Lowell throughout the season, the study of the Jews, or on any one of the other admirable and tempting topics on their list.

Abraham Lincoln.

It is unfortunate to a people reluctant to enjoy holidays and inefficient in the use of them, that the birthday of Abraham Lincoln comes so near to that of George Washington. It is too much to expect of the American people to give two days to the celebration of their heroes and the recognition of their great ones within ten days of each other, and probably it will be impossible to unite the two in a common holiday. By right of priority and historical pre-eminence, Washington's birthday will, perhaps for another half century, overshadow and obscure the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, but that eventually the world, as well as the United States, will recognize in Abraham Lincoln a figure so so dramatic, so heroic, so unique and sublime, that it will command universal homage, and demand an annual tribute of no less interest and importance than the first, there can be no doubt.

Washington will shine in the galaxy of statesmen, perhaps of generals, but there is that in the humble rail-splitter that will place him in the calendar of saints. The church of humanity will recognize in him the prophetic instincts. He had the tender heart of a devotee, the cheerful instincts of true religion. But these qualities are in danger, for the time being, of obscuring those others, of stalwartness, vigor, courage and pioneer daring in the realms of

thought and of morals, which will bring him in time the hero's laurel, as well as the flowers of love.

Sidney Morse has done nothing of late, for which he should be so much commended, and for which he should be so encouraged, as the little statuette he has made of Abraham Lincoln, and entitled, "In War Time." Abraham Lincoln with his head up, Abraham Lincoln with a backbone! The woe-begone, anxious, melancholy features which have become stereotyped in the popular pictures of this leader, and which have been engraved upon the minds of our children by many tender legends, are in danger of obscuring the image of one of whom the early stories of his muscular championship, his triumph over the bullies and the rowdies of the pioneer settlement, are typical; preparing the way for the man, who, in after years, struck such stalwart and decisive blows for the right.

All will concede the prudential, cautious and political sagacity of Abraham Lincoln. But when the flat boatman first encountered the grim social monstrosity,—slavery, on the streets of New Orleans, his word to his companion was: "If ever a chance is given me, I will hit this thing hard." When he girded himself for that first great contest in the political arena with the "little giant of Illinois," contrary to the advice of his friends, and against the apparent interests of the party he served, he dared to say in the opening speech: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this government can not endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall."

When his friends begged of him to suppress this bold utterance, to hide for a while the inevitable issue, his reply was: "It is true and I will deliver it as it is written." Then in his peculiar way, he added: "I am hunting for larger gains than the United States senatorship." This stalwartness at the core of gentleness is the iron in the watch spring, the subtlest and most difficult thing for human nature to discover and appreciate. There is always strength where there is tenderness. It is only steel that offers suitable material for springs, whether it be the coil that gives elasticity to the palace car or the coil that moves the hand of the watch. We welcome anything and everything that will bring to our young men and women a truer appreciation of this subtle combination in Abraham Lincoln, and take particular pleasure in commending for this and other reasons the essay entitled "Abraham Lincoln" by Carl Schurz, recently published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co. We know not where in so small a space, to find so clear, vivid and delicate a picture, as in this little book of one hundred and seventeen pages. Let not Abraham Lincoln challenge less pity than admiration, for he was "the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own breast, but still able to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and thus became one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men."

FREEDOM and paradise are not behind, but before us. Not life itself, but the deviation from life, is disease; life is sacred; life is our aspiration toward the ideal,—our affections, engagements, which will one day be fulfilled; our virtues, a step toward greater. It is blasphemy to pronounce a word of contempt or anger against it.—*Mazzini.*

The New Book.

It is proper to speak of Mrs. Ward's book with the definite article, which, though but little more than a fortnight has elapsed since its publication, is already the subject of praiseful comments in the reading circles of two continents, and has reached a sale that means a small fortune to both publisher and writer. The fame so deservedly won by the writing of Robert Elsmere, is of course the primary cause of this interest, but one has only to read the opening chapters of David Grieve to recognize its power, and see that it has a high merit of its own. A higher merit in the quality of sustained skill and power than Elsmere, though not of the earlier work's striking and original character. But a work of the motive and spirit of Elsmere will always be ranked as polemics rather than as literature proper, whether with entire justice or not; and in spite of whatever skill in workmanship and true understanding of art principles it may show,—and Elsmere shows more of both than the professional critic, who has but one standard of literary measurement, is willing to admit.—

Mrs. Ward's book is discouraging to the eye, each of its four parts being almost the length of the average American novel. It is well entitled a "History," taking the hero of the story from early childhood up through the stages of boyhood, youth and mature manhood, in the most detailed and careful manner. The book is one not to be read hurriedly, and contains nothing worthy of skipping. The reader, however busy and pre-occupied, feels that he must be able to command something of a leisurely mood in order to gain even a partial appreciation of its contents.

The telling of David's history gives opportunity for the discussion of many old and new questions, of a social and philosophical order, but in the present writer's opinion it is neither the marriage problem, the relative moral standards of the sexes, the workingman's trials, nor anything of the kind that forms the chief motive of David Grieve. In a general way this motive may be defined in the words of the writer of Sordello, "the development of a soul," but aside from this it is found in the elucidation of the principle of constancy, the sense of responsibility incurred, not only in the voluntary relations of life, but as part of one's natural endowment. In other words, the motive of Mrs. Ward's latest book is found in David's relation to his willful, tormenting, unloved and unloving sister, Louie. The force of the lesson here taught, lies in the fact that the care and oversight exercised by David all through his sister's life were prompted by little brotherly affection, which it was impossible to feel; and yet by something much warmer and truer than a mere perfunctory sense of duty. Louie Grieve is one of the most loveless creations of the modern novel, with a lovelessness that is the result of an entire absence of any moral sentiment and impulse. Not is she simply unmoral, she is positively, often wantonly and maliciously, immoral. Her instincts all seem to point downward. She is hard, selfish and vulgar. She is nothing but a torment and trial to her brother, and at last becomes a disgrace; yet in every moment of lesser or greater need he is at her side. When she has no one else to turn to, when in the fits of hateful resentment and rage that overcome her, she will not even turn to him, but tries by every means to repel and drive him away from her, he is constant still. Often he is tempted to take her at her word, to leave her in the sole company of her own unbridled passions, her selfish pride and cunning, but always some inner bond holds him to her. She is his. He is his sister's keeper. Her moral failures awaken more surprise and disgust than pity, because they are so directly connected with a perverted will, nevertheless he holds to her. She gives him mocking laughter and gibing insult for his pains, yet resolute and defiant as he is in most other matters, here he is a model of non-resistance.

It is a great lesson we are taught here: the indestructibility, through any perversity or failure on the other side, of the natural or accepted human bond. The lesson is one of human faithfulness; of the sense of personal moral accountability that inheres in the facts of life as we find them in the ties that are undetermined by us, unchosen, disliked, rebelled against, perhaps, yet binding us like chains of steel. David lived to become a lover of the most impassioned and self-effacing kind, a husband, a public-spirited citizen, a leader of men in broad and generous schemes of social justice and progress; but none of these larger, sweeter ties ever made him forget for a moment the erring sister who half feared, half despised him.

Have we not in this picture a glimpse of the divine leading the human? Louie could no more escape the watchful care of her brother than she could the law of gravitation. The relation between them was not to be determined by the wish or liking of either, not even by non-success in the effort to help, but by that blind, God-like instinct which will not let us lose our own. Always the natural bond, or that voluntarily assumed, as in marriage, should be but the symbol of the finer spiritual bond; but the long catalogue of domestic quarrels and ruptures shows how little this is regarded. David Grieve shows us how it is possible under hardest and most hopeless conditions to preserve it.

The same lesson is taught in a way in his marriage; not an ideal marriage by any means, with love at first only on one side, and that of the kind that seeks to reap benefits rather than bestow them. A mistaken marriage on the man's part, prompted by a momentary impulse of pity; yet made almost perfect at last through a love that grew less exacting on its own behalf, on one side, long and patient waiting on the other, that also grew into love, helped by the knowledge that true marriage, like every other perfect relation, is something to be lived towards and up to before gained. Mr. Stead thinks Mrs. Ward's book deserves the highest praise for its rational treatment of this question alone.

The book closes with the statement of a lofty and beautiful truth. It leaves David still on the upward road, with life's conquests only partly attained, sobered but not downcast by the severe trials he has passed through; with faith in his early ideals still high and strong, conscious, however,—and here is another true touch,—that trial must last as long as life does, that a man but wins one object of hope and energy to gain strength for some new conquest. The work is prefaced with a motto from the German, which with the main trend of the story and the final passage of the book, teach the author's view of immortality.

"It seemed to him that he had been taught of God through natural affection, through repentance, through sorrow, through the constant energies of the intellect. Never had the divine voice been clearer to him, or the divine fatherhood more real. Freely he had received—but only that he might freely give. On this Christmas night he renewed every past vow of the soul, and in so doing rose once more into that state and temper which is man's pledge and earnest of immortality—since already here and now it is the eternal life begun."

Men and Things.

WE learn from the *Woman's Journal* that the Japanese Consul has appealed to the Ministerial Association of Seattle, Washington, for aid in breaking up the slave-trade in Japanese women. There are said to be in Seattle alone 150 such women who have been sold by their parents, and who are now held as slaves for the worst purposes; and the system has spread through the Northwest.

KING OSCAR of Sweden is reputed to be the most accomplished royal personage in Europe. He is a playwright as well as a poet, and in addition to a profound knowledge of astronomy, he is well versed in general science. Like many other European sovereigns, he has a pronounced taste for music, and is a very skillful performer on the organ. In physical stature he is a giant, surpassing even the Czar in height.

THE archives of the Borghese family, comprising four hundred and seventy-five manuscripts, have been bought by the Pope for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. They relate to the Popes at Avignon and to Paul the Fifth, who was a Borghese. The minister of public instruction, meanwhile, has warned the impoverished head of the house that he can not legally send away any work of art in his collection.

THE Chicago readers of UNITY, and many outside the city, will commend the selection of Mr. I. K. Boyesen, as commissioner for Norway for the World's Fair, which may well be regarded as a matter of just gratification all round. The work of the Norwegian exhibit is placed in competent hands, and will be sure to be conducted in a judicious and liberal spirit. Mr. Boyesen will probably visit Norway the coming summer in pursuit of his newly-assumed duties.

THE first college settlement has been established in our city, at 143 West Division street, a locality inhabited by working people almost entirely, with a large percentage of foreigners. A reading-room is soon to be opened, and classes will be formed in English composition, American history, political economy, mathematics, and the languages and various other branches. The settlement is under the more immediate but not exclusive management of the Northwestern University.

IN Holland the public school-teachers have reached the conclusion that they must undo the mischief done by the pastors and by religion. They have begun the publication of a new periodical called *The Public School Teacher.* Every number contains the following modest statement at its head: "Even in the smallest village there is now a beacon of light, and that is the public school-teacher. But there is also a mouth that could extinguish this light, and that is the preacher. Public education is the measure of culture. The public school-teachers must be the priests of society."

WE clip the following from the *Southern Letter:* "What is known as the 'Chocolate Baby Scholarship' has been established for this year. We wish we were at liberty to give the full history of this interesting scholarship, but it is right to say that Rev. S. J. Barrows is at the bottom of it. In one respect the 'colored' race has the advantage of all others, it is not confined to one color. Its members represent all the colors of the rainbow. So a chocolate-colored student will be given the benefit of the "Chocolate Baby Scholarship.' Whenever a member of any of the other races is a little 'off' in color we claim him."

THE *Independent* tells the following: "When Cardinal Manning was at Oxford he wrote an attack upon Popery, which was so vehement and radical that even the sturdiest Protestants were amazed. At that time John Newman was in retirement, preparing for his reception to the Roman Church. Manning went to see him, but on account of the report of his sermon he was refused admittance. At the door he was met by a young man, a member of the household, who gave him the message from Newman, but was so troubled at it and so anxious to soothe the feelings of the caller that he walked with him a long distance bareheaded, on a cold November day. The young man was Mr. James Anthony Froude."

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, who is Philip Bourke Marston's literary executor, thus describes him as he appeared in 1876: "He was tall, slight, and in spite of his blindness, graceful. He seemed to me young-looking even for his twenty-six years. He had a noble and beautiful forehead. His brown eyes were perfect in shape, and even in color, save for a dimness like a white mist, that obscured the pupil, but which you perceived only when you were quite near him. His hair and beard were dark brown, with warm glints of chestnut; and the color came and went in his cheeks as in those of a sensitive girl. His face was singularly refined, but his lips were full and pleasure-loving, and suggested dumbly how cruel must be the limitations of blindness to a nature hungry for love and for beauty."

Contributed and Selected.

Abraham Kuenen.

In that dear fable knowledge has dethroned,
The patriarch Abraham from a far-off land,
Ur of the Chaldees, came; and his small band
In Canaan dwelt with him as men who owned
They had no city. But the years atoned
For that first weakness: as the blowing sand
The multitude who blessed his guiding hand
On shores where every alien water moaned.

Our Father, Abraham! From a place of thought
Dim, dark, and strange, and full of evil dreams,
By thee a few at first were safely brought.
But now, behold, how soon by countless streams
Thy children plant and build; and none can praise
Too much the courage of thy lonely ways!
—*Rev. John W. Chadwick, in the Christian Register.*

Inside the Bible.

A Paper Read by Rev. E. R. Butler Before the Sunday-School Teachers' Union, Boston.

The matter of Bible reading in the home and in Sunday-school has lately come into prominence for serious thought. Indeed, it was always a debatable question, what and how should Scripture be read to children? Shall children be urged to read quantity or quality? Shall their questions about the book be squarely and fairly answered? Shall parents and teachers open to children their love and reverence for the sacred chapters, their appreciation of poem and tradition and allegory; and, as well, their doubts of certain old statements which always stagger the credulity of younger and older pupils in the Sunday-school?

It is fully time for us to agree on these questions, and to rearrange our manuals to conform to our cleared vision.

In pulpit and Sunday-school one rule, as a limitation, should be made. In the present chaotic state of belief and doubt in Bible narrative, a Sunday-school superintendent would do well to state, in a parenthesis, that he will read from the Bible a history, a tradition, a poem, a parable, not hesitating to call the proposed selection by its right name, as he understands it. Scripture should be taught by the same scientific methods required in the secular schools. Seriously and sincerely take up this one book as we do any other, and honestly call it biography, fact or legend or wonderful imagination. Make plain to reason all we utter. Especially let no antagonism appear between the teachings of day-school and of the Sunday-school in astronomy, geology and the acknowledged laws of the universe. Once for all, tell pupils of the winning charm of the oriental poetry diffusing all Asiatic writings.

For instance, preface the reading of the first chapter of Genesis with the square statement: "Your school-books teach you geography, geology and astronomy; and here the poetic story of the creation of earth and man, in the Hebrew, as in some other Bibles, is to be enjoyed, as fancy." See to it that the little craniums are not set aching in doubt of the verity of either the school-book or the Bible. If we are not honest in this instruction, a day of reckoning, of contempt, will surely come. Answer frankly the children's questions. Don't equivocate here any more than in the day-school lessons. If we believe in the grossly supernatural, let us take the responsibility of teaching it to children, who will grow up and learn better and will pity us, their dear old conservative teachers. If we have an opposite conviction, let us be equally frank and not evade the issue.

The coarse language of some few old Bible chapters makes it a closed book to children generally, hard to find and not usually found by them. The matter does not call for a moment's thought from a teacher. We know that a little maiden is best protected in her purity by her innate sense of delicacy rather by any spoken warning.

Do not understand that I always take up the Bible with misgivings, expecting to meet a fraud. The habit of distinguishing fact from legend and poetry directly, puts me at ease in Bible reading as in reading other books. Directly and unreservedly I enjoy the biography, the poetry and even the eastern imagery.

Suppose that the principal of a Boston school, with inquiring, maturing minds developing under his care, should read the Bible story of the creation, or of Joshua's sun and moon, or of the Star of Bethlehem, and make no comment. His pupils would naturally suppose that he believed the statement of facts, simply and literally, and would think they are to believe them fully. How would lessons taught in the school astronomy be stultified! How much error to unlearn! Suppose the teacher should read, without comment, of Moses' rod and serpent and rock-spring, of Elisha's bears, of the widow's oil and meal, of Jesus turning water into wine, what confusion of nature and magic would he thereby create! If these same doubtful statements were found outside the Bible or in any other Bible than the Christian Scriptures, we should not for a moment think of believing them or of permitting our children to be taught them.

Having named the difficulties in Bible reading to the young, a more agreeable task remains—to speak of the enthusiasm which we can incite in our young friends by reading or talking to them with our kindled enthusiasm of the bravery and wisdom of Abraham, the pioneer, the patriarch, of the courage and worldly wisdom of Moses, of Samson's strength, of the simple faith of David, the shepherd boy, of Samuel, the "little Samuel" of our childhood, of Solomon's grandeur, of Daniel and Elijah. Tell the high truths of Jesus's life, his influence on men's spirits and minds and bodies even. Tell the parables of Jesus, the fanciful stories of many miracles ascribed to Him. Tell of the loving John, of Peter the impetuous, of Timothy the faithful.

Read of the one God in Old and New Testament, the beatitudes, the golden rule, the sermon on the mount.

Here is enough for any youth to hold in his head and heart, enough to make him worship God and love Jesus, and his fellows, without harboring any old-time doubts or fears. A child will love his Bible above Crusoe, Marco Polo or his *Youth's Companion*, if he can think of Moses as he does of Gen. Grant, of Solomon as really regal as Queen Victoria, of Jesus, not as walking impossibly on the water, but as walking the streets and in the market places, watching the children play.

Children would enjoy our lessons if, when we read some psalm, we would tell them of the parched, treeless deserts of Arabia, and of the grateful shadow of a rock which is higher than the weary traveler; if, when we read in another psalm of the springs which run among the hills, and the trees along the way, and the birds which sing among their branches, we tell them also of our trip to the White Mountains.

Children would be impressed with the incidents of Jesus's life, if each of the class should bring, on Sunday, a little pencil sketch illustrating their lesson, the sermon on the mount, Jesus blessing children, seed-sowing, a group in the porch of Martha's house and a hundred other kodaks in Old and New Testament. It is a great art to make the children do something for the class. Once I was able to keep a class of average boys interested all through the allegory of "Pilgrim's Progress," by engaging a couple of them to sketch a miniature panorama of the lesson, week by week, on a paper band which I prepared for them. We know that many of the pupils, when they were little, enjoyed spreading an old pictured family Bible on the carpet and grouping about it to study the pictures. Their memories are still stored with too many of the older picture-ideals of Adam, Noah, Goliah, Samson, Daniel, Jesus walking on the water. Some of the children have wondered, incredulous, at a part of the pictures, and some of them possibly have even tried the experiment of the ingenuous lad who returned from Sunday-school, and ate his hurried dinner with eyes full of brave resolve to repeat directly the lesson of the day,—in his *bath tub*. "I don't believe it," was his logical conclusion after the experiment; the beginning of not believing the Bible at all.

These early struggles between reason and blind faith, and they are fierce struggles to a child, we may prevent by a little tact and skill and a good deal of sincerity and honesty in Sunday-school teaching of the Bible.

In a public park were several tall pine trees, admired by every visitor to the beautiful resort. One of them had a crook nearly at its top—up ninety feet high. The tree was marred by the glaring defect and was accounted the least beautiful of all in the grove, though it had grown to stately proportions. Away back in a former century somebody had trodden on it, when it was a little thing, and the marks of that early crush, repression, never were outgrown. The matured, stately tree was still awry.

A Letter of Wendell Phillips.

Dear Mrs. Child:—I shall not dally now with them Muses—not I—to-day.

Indignatio not facit versus.

(Ask D. L. C. if that's correct. If not, he'll remember Juvenal, and make it all right before this is printed by your executor twenty years after I'm off.)

No ma'am.
The angry
Don't versify.

Where did I see you, you and D. L. C. day before yesterday? You whom I never could persuade to come to town, and never should have dared to worry by sending you tickets? Did n't I tell E. L. Pierce that he had done the right thing in sending you tickets, but he might as well expect to see Monadnock at a public meeting? and then you've gone and falsified my prophecy! That is where I feel it; —my reputed knowledge of you is shown to be a sham!

Well, I've taken my revenge, hot, savage, and Roman. I went yesterday and got you a cup and saucer once owned and used by Sumner, and look forward with delight to seeing it —as I look back into the world—ticketed at your auction sale:

"Cup and saucer once used and owned by C. S.: chipped in one place, and its crimson band slightly cracked by L. M. C. in twenty years' daily and constant use."

Shall I risk it by vulgar, earthly express, or is there any safer way to send it to you?

Kindest regards to D. L. C.

Y'rs, not angry, but sad and forgiving.—*Wendell Phillips, New England Magazine.*

A lady, some time back, at the Smithsonian Institute, asked if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," she said, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

I might carry the same principle into the matter of creeds and books. A creed is good so long as it is the honest expression of one's thought: but when it becomes a hindrance to further thought it is an evil. When it sets itself up and says: "I am of God, and if you go beyond me you are plunging into infidelity," we may turn upon it and say: "Humanity is a greater thing and a more sacred thing than creeds. If the mother bird, when her nestlings grow so large that they begin to leave the nest, should suddenly become startled and say: "You are growing too fast: I am sorry that you ever left the old shells; won't you try to get back into them?" the answer would be, "A living bird is better than a dead and broken egg shell." The answer to those who insist upon the divinity and immutability of creeds is: "A fresh and living thought is better than an old credal shell." Man is greater than the temple and all for which the temple stands!—*Marion D. Shutter.*

Correspondence.

Editors Unity:—The editors of Unity are no doubt familiar with all sorts of both amusing and irritating misprints. The following is "the best" I have ever fallen in with, and seemed to me too good not to allow it to go further, so I send it on. I saw it in a Norwegian magazine in an article on Lowell. In a very high summary of the poem on Sir Launfal, is the following sentence, as nearly as I can put it into English: "Sir Launfal. . . . returned, no longer wearing the cross on his shoulder, but deeply-graven in his heart."

The printer made it (how, *he* best knows): "Sir Launfal . . . . returned, no longer carrying his head on his shoulders, but deeply buried in his heart."

In Norwegian the change was made by altering only *one* word, cross to head. Yours truly,

H. Tambs Lyche.

Warwick, Mass.

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VII. The Religion of Greece.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

"There is no distinction between Jew and Greek; for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him."—*Rom. 10 : 12.*

"Old time worship of ideals, by some miscalled idolatry."—*The Gods in Greece.*

The religion of Greece has been characterized as a worship of nature. To account then for the wealth of its sentiments and the beauty and variety of its manifestations, that peninsula of Europe ending with the mulberry leaf of the Peloponnesus, has been studied with assiduous care. Every aspect of sky, earth and sea, of grove, stream and mountain has been observed and set forth as declarative of the secret of this faith.

It would be absurd to deny the influence of these objects upon the mind of man in any land. But if by nature is meant the phenomenal changes or material forces of the external world, then the Greek was, of all the ancients, the least a worshiper of nature. He, of all men, saw through nature, saw something beyond. To him it was, so to speak, transparent. The fact was nothing until it had been interpreted. It was the fact idealized, seen in the light of spirit, that interested him. We might better say that no man so worshiped the supernatural as the Greek.

I. Let us see how the sentiment of religion begins, and no race will afford us a better illustration. Where occur the first forms of worship, and what are they?

The mistake is often made of going to the myth as if it were the original conception or basis of religion; whereas the myth is a late and developed form. What we find in our classical dictionaries, what we find in the Iliad and Odyssey, are usually elaborately expanded stories, unconscious creeds, in fact, in which however, we often gain glimpses of earlier stages and the simplest practices of devotion. The ritual was first, then the myth grew up as its explanation. For, as Robertson Smith says: "The antique religions had for the most part no creed; they consisted entirely of institutions and practices."

We ask, then, what was the nature of the earliest rites among the Greeks? They seem to involve a recognition of human kinship, as their fundamental motive. They pertain to family life. They are associated with graves and hearth-fires. Instinctively, unconsciously, birth and death are the first events honored by man. The "aspects of nature" can present nothing to him compared with these. And when the physical phenomena of earth, sea and sky become objects of religious reflection it will be on account of some supposed connection between them and the life and death of his kind.

Man is not man until he is appalled by that change or arrest of life, which takes away his wife or his companion; which turns his warm and breathing child into cold, insensate clay. What has happened, when that form so full of motion and strength is still and helpless; so lately loving or hating, speaking or looking earnestly out of feeling eyes, is silent and expressionless? What first, in our own experience as children, compelled us to think of the mystery of life, and perchance planted an undying germ of faith or impulse to duty in us, but some death in our own circle or in one not too far removed? Death thus concentrates and crystallizes the emotions. Why, even the higher animals show that they are shocked almost to the verge of thought, when they come across a lifeless body, especially if it be one of their own species.

Man is not man until he seeks to care for his dead. It is the first evidence of the true sense of kinship, of emergence from animalism. *Burial is the first rite of religion.* Until he performs this office a man has no conception of a soul. In this act he unites with his kindred in a service of spiritual worship. Out of it spring up a whole code of duties, concerning not only the dead but the living. Out of it, also, rise deep questions as to the nature of man. Whence came his life? Whither has it gone,—now no longer visible? Does he need the body any more, or will he have a new body? What can we do for him? What will he do for us? Generally there was a feeling that the man had claims on the body, was still in some strange way associated with it, and would know what care was taken of it. Man's dual nature was seen, but at first there was no realm set apart as the home of spirits. "It was the custom at the close of a funeral ceremony to call the soul of the deceased three times by the name he had borne. They wished that he might live happy under ground. Three times they said to him: 'Fare thee well.' They added: 'May the earth rest lightly upon thee.'"

Besides offering prayers and making some sacrifices, they often put the man's weapons or utensils in the grave, even placed food in the tomb or poured wine and milk upon the ground, to feed and quench the thirst of the dead. The grave was looked upon as the soul's resting-place. If, therefore, the body was not properly interred, the soul suffered and was desolate. It became a wandering spirit flitting hither and thither without rest or joy; and at length it was transformed into an evil, hateful spirit, injurious to the living on account of its shameful fate. Thus rose the belief in ghosts. In this way it became a matter of great concern to the living that they should be decently buried. They were even tormented with fear lest children or kindred should not be faithful to this duty, or lest there should be no child to perform the funeral rites.

In Greece there was no crime like that of neglecting to bury the dead. Generals of the army of Athens were actually put to death because after a naval victory they did not see to it that the slain were buried. The relatives of the dead soldiers, outraged by this impiety, demanded vengeance; for they could never think of these ghosts but as eternally suffering the misery of a wandering, homeless, tormented existence. So, "this religion of the dead appears to be the oldest that has existed among this race of men. Before men had any notion of Indra or of Zeus, they adored the dead; they feared them and addressed them prayers. It seems that the religious sentiment commenced in this way. It was, perhaps, while looking upon the dead, that man first conceived the idea of the supernatural and began to have a hope beyond what he saw." (De Coulanges.)

The religion of the dead among the Greeks, as in India and China, is associated with family life. But besides the tomb, sacredly cherished and guarded there was the hearth-fire. This was kept alive night and day. An extinguished hearth was a great calamity; it was synonymous with an extinguished family. This fire was treated as a god, powerful, beneficent and protecting. Fire seemed almost as mysterious in its origin as life itself; and when it went out it was like the soul in death. Hecuba, in beleaguered and fallen Troy, draws old Priam near to the hearth and says: "Thy arms can not protect thee, but this altar will protect us all." Before Agamemnon thanks Zeus after the Trojan victory, he sacrifices to the fire in his own house. And before a man, returning home, embraces his wife and children, he must invoke the fire, which is also remembered at every meal. This hearth-fire was invested with the qualities of a moral being. It had a conscience and knew men's duties. No filthy object must be cast into it; no unseemly deed must be done in its presence.

With the hearth-fire, was always associated the name of some ancestor, the founder of the family, some favorite hero, or other dead. This worship could only be participated in by those of the same family, and the deceased who were honored must be related to it by blood. No stranger could approach the hearth-fire or the tomb except under special restrictions. All rites were private, carefully concealed from public view. It was a long time, therefore, before there were any temples, for religion was strictly domestic, each family having its own sacred memories, personages and ceremonies.

II. No doubt that at a very early period of man's conscious life he was affected by the sight of changes which take place in nature. What they meant, or how far-reaching they were, it must have taken him a long time to formulate. To what extent he was dependent on these physical agencies or what duties he owed them, must at length have been a matter of perplexing interest.

We have seen how fire is associated with the family with the earliest institution of civilization, with the first rites of religion. But fire on the altar was seen to be related to the lightning of the clouds, and even to the source of light and heat, the sun. The sun and moon must very early have been objects of peculiar reverence. So, also, day and night, in their regular alternation, must have inspired deep interest and wonder. Then there was the earth as the stable residence of man, out of whose productive bosom sprang so many blessings, as corn and wine, and the precious olive. There was "the unharvested sea," too, which with its strange sounds and ceaseless motion was soon likened to a husky-voiced, turbulent old man driving his horses, whose heavy, silvery manes were seen in the flashing billows. Later than these, doubtless, were developed those larger conceptions of heaven; as the all-embracing sky, reaching over all lands, and of Time, the father of all space dimensions, whether of the highest height (heaven) or of the widest expanse, (ocean) or of the deepest deep (hell).

The Greek had the keenest eye for analogies and correspondences, and his quick imagination soon endowed the objects and events and movements of nature with his own thought and will and passions. Objects became conscious forces. From personifications they became persons. Even the winds and rivers, mountains and trees were addressed as gods. Nature was thought of as "a vast animated body."

There are those who try to account for this mythology by supposing that it was the product of meteorology, or some solar influence, or physical conditions. But dawn and sun, or clouds, winds and thunder, go very little way in explaining man's worship. Race has more to do with it, and in this field, thought and feeling are the creative agencies.

It is not less noticeable that the Greek eventually made gods of the elements of character, of the passions and virtues. Beauty and love, fury and hate, wisdom and war, as well as memory and fame, and death and sleep were raised to the rank of divinities.

As each family or locality was left free to develop its own worship, there must naturally have sprung up a great multitude and diversity of honored names. Some names would become favorites, more widely known than others for deeds of heroism or blessing conferred upon their worshipers. It would often be the wish of several related families to unite to honor the same god, to raise a new altar, while not forsaking the fires of their own hearth-stones. Thus the boundaries of a worship would be enlarged—from the family to the gens, then from the gens to the phratry, from the phratry to the tribe or city, until at length a great number of local gods would be known throughout Greece. Thus the simple domestic worship would expand to the dimensions of a temple. Of course there would be rivalries and intolerance, but on the whole this evolution would be in the direction of unity and charity, of less enmity to the stranger, and of a higher ethical standard.

This was the result. In the fully developd mythology of this faith, we find certain names rising above all others. By a kind of common consent twelve great gods were enthroned upon Olympus, who are still regarded as vital and important elements of the Greek religion. We are told by Herodotus that "Homer and Hesiod named the gods and settled their genealogies for the Hellenes."

III. Let us look a little more closely at the gods now clothed with definite personality. The Olympians already alluded to, are, six of them male and six female: Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephæstus, Hermes, Hera, Athena, Artemis, Aphrodite, Hestia, and Demeter.

Now, nowhere were these deities held to be of equal authority and importance; most of them seem to have reached their high eminence by a sort of natural selection, through local influence. They were the favorite protectors of certain families or provinces. Some were invoked less frequently, only on certain occasions, or at the occurrence of great events. Hestia, the goddess of their "altars and their fires," of hearth and home, we may suppose was loved and honored everywhere. Zeus, though called the "father of gods and men," and invested by the poets with all but omnipotence, seems not always to have had this recognition. There are traditions that this great "First and Last" was once a god of small power in Greece, that his worship was much later than that of some others. We know that at Athens the honors paid to Zeus were obscured by the worship of Athene. Zeus Polieus could not hold his own before the *polias* of the Acropolis, any more than Poseidon, though both were much earlier on the ground. To Fate, moreover, even "THE god," whose nod was so irresistible, must sometimes bow. Mr. Dyer says, "Zeus was a king among gods, who reigned but governed not. His premier was the Delphian god." It was a common thing in the Greek religion for each aspect of an object or phenomenon to have a different name; or the same object had different names in different places. Thus, the Sun seemed to be thought of by some, when Hercules was mentioned, by others, at the name of Apollo, or Hyperion; Poseidon was king of the sea and brought up the thought of its mighty powers and boundless extent. But "when beheld as the actual mother of everything that swam in it, it was personified in Amphitrite; when it issued, as it was supposed to do like a river from its fountain head, Thetis represented it; when it flowed softly, Nereus; and when it was roused into fury, Pharcys; Leucothöe was its presiding divinity when it slept peacefully under the moonlight; and Ægeon when it swept along with the irresistible volume of its waters." So, also, there were many gods of the same name

in different localities—many called Zeus, or Athene, or Artemis—who very little resembled each other. What Strabo said of Dionysos—that you never meet the same divinity twice, was pretty nearly true of all the gods.

Apollo has been called the poets' god, a sort of King Arthur of the Greek mythology. The romance of his story never ceased to charm the national mind. His birth from Leto on the modest drifting island of Delos, his displacement there of Poseidon, as also later at Delphi,—where the eagles of Zeus met, one flying from the north and one from the south, his love of truth, his ideal beauty and freedom from sensuality, his moral superiority, as seen in the contest with Hercules and Hermes, and as law-giver to all the gods, his chivalric character as a lover, and his protection of woman—all these things endeared him to Greece. He could be harsh as destruction and victory; but he was the incarnation of Dorian genius, and as the god of purity, culture and of the Delphian oracle, he became the "most truly Greek of all divinities."

The association of Athene with the Parthenon and the flowering age of the nation has made this goddess of exceeding interest to every student. Her character, which Rawlinson says "is without a flaw," and her worship, which was a recognition of all that was best in the arts of peace or of war, placed her very high in the scale of deities. Yet she seems to have been originally of local influence and limited powers, belonging to the family of the Butadæ.

So, also, Demeter, who is one of the most interesting of the dwellers upon Olympus, Demeter, so famed for her connection with the Mysteries of Eleusis—was the special divinity of the Thracian Eumolpidæ. She has been called the best example we have of divine womanhood, tender and feminine, in a sense wholly unknown to Athene. She is very closely bound to domestic life and the institution of marriage, as celebrated in the festival of the Thesmophoria. Of Aphrodite it was said she "loved to be loved," but Demeter asked only to love and to protect. She represents peace and productiveness, and naturally finds no place in Homer's Iliad,—that "poem of glorified bloodshed," (Dyer) —being left at home in Thessaly. She is represented as at times sad over the past and over the sufferings of men,—a *Mater Dolorosa*, aged and careworn, needing the presence and sympathy of kindly women. According to the story, Triptolemus, King of Eleusis, was appointed to give men her laws and to teach them the use of corn. Among other precepts were these: "Set my commandments on the tablets of thy heart." "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother. Thou shalt make glad the gods with offerings, and do no wanton harm to beast."

Very interesting is Demeter's association with Dionysos. At first there was no acquaintance or connection between the goddess of corn and the god of wine. He came to Eleusis a stranger from Thrace. He appeared as a wanderer, riding on a mule, and half drunk. His manners were against him, his countenance was disfigured. No wonder that he was rejected. "He who himself, born latest of the gods, was stoutly held impostor by mankind." Yet there was something very human about him; something mysterious, also, and divine. In wine it seemed that natural and supernatural met together. True, Dionysos was "a god of contradictions," and because of his dances, orgies, and levity, was a particular offense to the Christians, and likened to the devil. But to the Greeks, whose religion was in general so cheerful and joyous, he had another character; and his incorporation into their worship had been called "the first Macedonian conquest" — the spiritual conquest preceding that of the armies of Alexander.

His sudden appearance was in spring, as if he had emerged from the prison-house of the under-world; and like Demeter, who stayed one-third of the year with Hades, he became intimately connected with the doctrine of immortality. This belief was a large element in the Eleusinian mysteries. Let it not be forgotten that it was in Thrace, according to Herodotus, that men gathered weeping over a new-born child, and rejoiced when a man was laid in the grave, that now all troubles were over and he had entered into bliss. Dionysos stood for spring. It was his resurrection to joy and merry-making—his quickened self. Men seemed to think that "each winter would last forever, if they did not beat the ground and summon spring." But he was more than a nature-god and prophetic leader of song. He was a saviour-god, annually suffering insult and death to save and bless mankind. He was the leader of Elysian joys, the marshaller of the dead, the head of a world hereafter. The presence of Athene did not make him less welcome in that city spoken of as,

> "—the life and light
> Of the whole world worth calling world at all."

and the "Bacchanals" of Euripides became the passion-play of Attica. Prof. Dyer says: "Dionysos at Athens became the god-head and the centre of the widest and best worship known to the best spirits in the best community of Hellas."

But Aphrodite, of Paphos, though bearing strong marks of Asiatic origin, was adopted into the highest circle of deities, and was remembered with Demeter at the shrine of Eleusis, and elsewhere. She was sometimes thought of as ruling all the gods, even as stronger than Fate itself. In her, one saw the qualities of Babylonian Ishtar and the Phœnician Astarte, sometimes bearing a sword for the revenge or rescue of men. She was the daughter of Ouranos, the golden goddess of celestial love, and of fertility; not unlike Demeter in seeking in the lower regions for the dead and lost. In Homer she is not depicted in a favorable light, having little beside the endowment of physical beauty and sensual charms. Sophocles calls her

> "A goddess verily of many names,—
> Not Cypris only, but dark Hades too,
> And Force resistless, and mad, frantic Rage,
> And sheer, untempered Craving, and shrill Grief."

IV. These sketches will perhaps be sufficient to illustrate the origin and nature of the divinities worshiped by the Greeks. In studying these, we are studying the character and sentiments of the people—their thoughts of God and immortality, and their conceptions of right and duty. It would be well if we could follow these gods further, in the great festivals of Greece, and in the drama, which was a form of worship; or linger by the seat of the oracles at Delphi or at Dodona. It would be pleasant if we could view the gods, with their varied symbolism, as represented in the creations of the architect and the sculptor. But we may profitably bear in mind what Mr. Symonds says: "The truth to be looked for in myths is psychological, not historical, æsthetic rather than positive." In other words, a myth is the form of a mental conception, rather than of an external fact.

In the course of time, as the local or family divinities had grown to the dimensions of national and Olympian gods, so, yet further changes became imminent, from the speculations of the philosophers. The gods never stand still. Men like Xenophanes, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Pindar and Plato, saw the inconsistencies of mythology. The stories contradicted the higher thought of divine beings. Olympus itself was but a larger Greek family, not always peaceful or pure, with Zeus for its head. They could no longer worship this complex and fanciful conception. They sought to rationalize it, to displace it by some abstraction, to reduce it to unity. Some have supposed that when Socrates asked to have a cock sacrificed to Esculapius it was a sign that the old superstition had seized him in the face of death. Yet on the other hand, it is maintained that it was simply a symbol of thanks to the founder of the healing art for that blessed hemlock which was so soon to land him painlessly in the life immortal.

The question is often asked, what evidence, if any, is there that the Greeks attained to the faith of monotheism. In a general way it may be said that according to the common idea of monotheism, it must have been a very late conception, only reached by the philosophers, if reached at all. If they placed behind, or over, or in all things a single principle, it was something divested of anthropomorphic personality. Zeus was often as completely overshadowed in worship by other deities as God the Father is by God the Son in the Christian church. Yet Dyer says: "We have glimpses of an earliest time when Greek religion was, if the word be insisted upon, monotheistic." Again: "The Greek religion of polytheism was more monotheistic than monotheism itself, for the Greeks were not content with one only God, Almighty and Supreme; they had and they worshiped many such." This means, I suppose, that any god in any place, to maintain his rank and dignity, must be able to do anything and everything that was asked of him. He could not remain "a specialist," one or two attributes or functions would hardly serve to support him.

Dimly seen over all deities, however, but sometimes acting with terrible emphasis and majesty, there was from a very early time the idea of Law or Fate. From this, in the last result, neither man nor gods could escape.

> "The Gods are under Law,—
> So do we judge,—and therefore we can live,
> If right and wrong stand separate forever."

So writes Euripides. It was a purely ethical conception. And Mr. James Seth has very truly said of this Hellenic principle: "Fate, like Jehovah, was a 'power that made for righteousness.'"

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Homilies of Science. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Price, $1.50.

The general aim and character of Dr. Carus's writings are well known to the readers of UNITY. The above volume is made up of articles that have appeared in the editorial columns in the *Open Court*, of which Dr. Carus is editor. We do not feel that we fully understand the principles of the particular philosophical creed which Dr. Carus and the *Open Court* are laboring to establish, but it is easy to gather its general drift and purpose, and to classify it with numerous other mental movements of the times, all aiming to free the human intellect from the bonds of ancient dogma and superstition, both in the realm of morals and religion. "The Homilies of Science," says the author, "are not hostile towards the established religions of traditional growth. They are hostile towards the dogmatic conception of these religions." Neither, he adds, are they opposed to free-thought, only to "that kind of free-thought which refuses to recognize the authority of the moral law." The religion set forth in the "Homilies" is described as the religion of Natural Religion in so far as it is based on the facts of nature and experience, the Religion of Science in its desire to study these facts only in a scientific spirit, the Religion of Humanity in explanation of its practical aim, a Cosmic Religion in its claim of universality. These words will explain the writer's motive and line of thought better than any of ours can. Dr. Carus writes in a thoughtful, intelligent vein on all these subjects, bringing the results of a rich and varied scholarship to his aid.

Sir Philip Sidney. By H. R. Fox Bourne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

This is the latest number in that excellent series we have before called attention to in these columns, "Heroes of the Nations." The entire series is the work of writers especially fitted to their task, and the author's name in this particular case is an additional guarantee of the merit and interest of the work. The subject is one of the most fascinating in English history, and is here treated with great fullness yet not burdened with detail. Mr. Fox Bourne is also the author of a work on Sidney published in 1862, on which the present biography is largely based; the object of which is by himself defined in the preface, where he says he has tried "to draw a true and not incomplete picture of him [Sidney] as a type of English chivalry in the Elizabethan age." The book is profusely illustrated, contains a carefully prepared Table of Contents and Index, with a list of the works consulted in its preparation, of service to the reader who may wish to study the subject further.

Short History of England. By E. S. Kirkland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.25.

This is an attractive and useful book to both young and old, though written only for the young. The subject is divided according to natural lines into several short chapters, thus tempting rather than wearying the eye in advance. The work presents a very fair outline of English history, a subject of perennial interest, and will serve as a convenient text-book.

Periodicals.

THE opening article in the *New England Magazine* for February is a beautifully illustrated one, dealing with the life and work of Corot the great French painter, and written by his godson, Camille Thurwanger, whose family was intimate with the artist and his family for a number of years. The article contains data and anecdotes of Corot never before made public. M. Lamont Brown furnishes a fine engraving of "Corot at Work" for the frontispiece and other engravings in the body of the article. "Some letters of Wendell Phillips to Lydia Maria Child" will recall many memories of the great orator. George A. Rich has an article on "The Granite Industry in New England," illustrated by Louis A. Holman and J. H. Hatfield. Walter Blackburn Harte contributes a critical estimate of Walt Whitman's work and genius, and a short story of journalistic life called "John Parmenter's Protege." Sam T. Clover writes a clever article on "The Prairies and Coteaus of Dakota." Winfield S. Nevins' valuable series, "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," is continued, and the fine illustrations by Jo. H. Hatfield add greatly to its attractiveness. Caroline Hazard contributes a story, "A Tale of Narragansett," illustrated by H. Martin Beal, and A. E. Brown writes another witch story in which there is no witchcraft. C. M. Lamson writes on the "Churches of Worcester." Albert D. Smith gives a good idea of the war as viewed by those who stayed at home in "A Country Boy's Recollections of the War." The Omnibus department of light, humorous, and social verse is very entertaining in this number. Mr. Mead, the editor writes on our literary life and society, condemning each for lack of earnest motive:

"There is no solidarity in our American literary society at all. There is little that can be called serious literary society at all. Aspiration, faithfulness, pure vision of beauty, strenuous, and fine purpose, and love are surely not lacking in American literary life; but with them are much fragmentariness, vain cackle and hysteric haste, much unwillingness, to grow in quiet, much willingness to receive and to seek large notice for little achievements, a pitiful lack of the repose and steadiness and faith which are the pledges of those great works which only a lifetime perfects, and only here and there that vision of noble and commanding causes and that surrender of self in glad abandon which sanctifies and fertilizes genius, and makes the life sublime"

THE day when Chicago is to have a worthy periodical literature of her own, not to the displacement of that of the East, but more exemplifying her own spirit and ideals, is slowly dawning. Already she has an illustrated weekly that, while it does not yet show all the merit and variety of the same class of publications in New York, is making rapid progress to a high standard in the quality of its reading matter and in typographical appearance. *The Graphic* reaches our exchange table every week, and we can always find something of interest and instruction in both the pictorial and the reading columns.

Notes from the Field.

The National Alliance.—This newly organized body of women seems to have found a large field of work, if we may judge by the compendious little pamphlet of 147 pages in which it publishes its first annual report. The report announces 51 Branch Alliances in New England, 13 in the Middle States, 3 in the Southern, and 38 in the West. The treasurer's statement shows a balance of cash on hand of a little more than $800.00. Quite a sum of money has been paid out in aid of struggling churches and other missionary work; the Meadville school receiving about $350.

Boston.—The Channing Hall, Monday lecture of February 8, was given by General Francis A. Walker on "Immigration."
—Popular vesper services of Suffolk Conference and Channing Club for February are "Worry" by Rev. J. M. Brooke; "Sorrow" by Rev. M. J. Savage; "Evil" by Rev. C. F. Dole; "Doubt" by Rev. C. G. Ames.
—Rev. E. A. Horton has found his parishoner slow and hard to take farewell. They wish to keep him. He has however, begun his new duties.

Ithaca, N. Y.—We are in receipt of a neatly-printed programme of lectures to be given at the Unitarian church, J. M. Scott, pastor, from February to June, on literary and social topics. The list of lecturers comprises some distinguished names; among others, W. H. Hudson, who will lecture on "Early Christian Art;" Prof. J. G. Schurman, on "The Future of Liberal Religion in America;" Professor Carson, on "Browning;" Professor Collins, on "Prison Reform." The entire list is excellent.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The People's Meetings still continue and are marked with the usual success. Rev. S. W. Sample recently gave a stirring address on "Christ and Christianity," making an earnest plea for natural religion. The Christianity of the Pilgrim's Progress will not, Mr. Sample thinks, any longer answer to the needs and more enlightened understanding of the present day. Rev. H. M. Simmons is soon to take his turn in the same course.

Milford, N. H.—We have received the card of the Livermore Young People's Guild of the Unitarian Society of Milford. Weekly meetings with leaders and subjects are announced from January 2 to July 1. The subject of the last meeting—Jan. 26, is "How shall we Spend our Vacations?" by A. Judson Rich. The guild meets every Sunday at 7:45 in the church parlor.

Illinois Conference.—Mr. L. J. Duncan, secretary of the Illinois Unitarian conference, reports the organization of a rather strong Sunday circle at Stirling. He has visited the place by invitation on two successive Sundays and finds an unusual interest in liberal religion. Mr. Duncan is also expecting other new movements which he will report when the time arrives.

Kalamazoo.—Miss C. J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, preached on January 31, for her former congregation at Sioux Falls, Dak., Rev. Mr. Lamb of Sherburn, Mass., supplying her pulpit on that day. On the 7th Miss Bartlett preached at Menominee, Wisconsin.

Oakland, Cal.—The first Unitarian Church of Oakland, Cal., have published in neat pamphlet form the order of service for Dedication Day, September 6, 1891, together with the discourse on "The Church of the Living God," preached by Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston. Two pages are embellished with views of the new church building and parish house.

Olympia, Wash.—Our last number contained an account of the opening social meeting of the Unitarian society here in the new church building. The first Sunday service was held on the last Sunday in January, the pastor, Rev. N. P. Hoagland, preaching a discourse on "Out of the Old into the New."

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—*Elizabeth Harrison, in "A Study of Child Nature."*

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There is a gladness in the eyes that greet me,
When I go home,
With which none others in the world may meet me,
Where'er I roam.

There is the clasp of loving hands, and tender
The welcome sweet;
And these the roughest road can pleasant render
To weary feet.

I see the sunset's ruddy colors glowing,
As night draws nigh;
And though I feel the north winds fiercer blowing
My heart beats high.

I see the twilight lamps are lit for even,
Before I come;
And so the way is bright to God and Heaven,
When I go home.

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"Phil," whispered Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

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"Oh!" said Phil, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds fire off pistols, and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first rate,' and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir-ee; new tricks every time. I say, Phil;" Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any uncle George," said Phil.

"That's a fact; how about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it; it certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart hall two afternoons; then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man would n't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in at one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth; and the two little boys started off to the office-window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat to the great man—"one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir, we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they did n't know for a long time what that man meant by Golden Rule.—*Selected.*

Squirrels In Winter.

Some interesting remarks on squirrels are made by various writers in the *Zoologist*, It is often said that squirrels are torpid during winter, but there is no really sound evidence for this view. Mr. Masefield, writing from Cheadle, Stafford, England, says in *Nature:* "I have seen squirrels abroad on fine days in, I think I may say, every one of the winter months; and while pheasant-shooting near here on a sunny day in January, which was about the middle of the most severe frost we have had for many years, with several inches of snow on the ground, I saw a squirrel jumping from tree to tree, before the beaters, in the most lively condition." Mr. Blagg, also writing from Cheadle, has "frequently seen squirrels abroad in the middle of winter, when there has been deep snow on the ground and a keen frost in the air. I remember," he adds, "once seeing a squirrel abroad during a severe storm of sleet and rain in winter-time, and he appeared to be not at all inconvenienced by the rough weather." Mr. Blagg's idea is that the squirrel probably does sleep a good deal more in winter time than in summer, as do many other wild animals, but that he has to be continually wakiug up and taking nourishment. The period of reproduction is unfavorable to the notion of an almost complete state of torpidity. The editor of the *Zoologist* records that he has notes of "finding newly-born squirrels on March 21 (three young), April 9 (three young), April 26 (four young), and April 29 (two young). Those found at the end of March and beginning of April were naked and blind; those taken at the end of April were about three parts grown." According to the editor, "the old squirrels, in case of danger, remove the young from the nest, or 'drey,' to some hole in a tree, whither they carry them, one by one in the mouth, just as a cat carries her kitten. One of the prettiest sights in the world is to see an old squirrel teaching a young one to jump."—*Science.*

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1. Name the twelve great gods of Olympus. How many male and how many female?

2. Of these Zeus, Apollo, and Athene, have been called the greatest. Why?

3. Some account of famous temples: of Zeus at Olympia, of the Parthenon at Athens; and of the worship offered there.

4. The Mysteries at Eleusis, and oracles of Delphi and Dodona. Influence of these.

5. Give any myths involving the doctrine of a future life. Their bearing on conduct here.

6. Attempts to reject or justify the myths, by poets and philosophers. Ancient theories of their origin.

7. The search after unity and a first principle. Anaxagoras, Socrates, etc. The doctrines of the Stoics.

NOTES.

A few names of ancestors, and heroes, of family saints and founders of cities, of givers of blessings, or of the personified aspects of nature were generally accepted, and raised to the highest places of honor and worship.

Zeus, as "father of gods and men," became the recognized head of the divine family through all Hellas.

Renan calls **Apollo** "the Greek god *par excellence*"—the embodiment of much that was best in the character, culture and arts of the people, in the best period of their history. At one time human sacrifices were offered to him.

Athene appears to have been a family or local deity, whose growing reputation, finally raised her to the first rank. So also **Demeter.** And there are traditions that the worship of **Zeus** was of comparatively recent origin.

Dionysos, Demeter, Persephone, Aphrodite and Asklepios more or less associated with the belief in immortality.

There was ultimately a tendency to deify abstract notions,—virtues, graces, passions, disorder, death, sleep, dream, time, the hours, memory, fate. Cities were personified.

Finally, the personality of all the gods was threatened.

Battles or contests between the gods often show us the rivalry of families, provinces, or cults, with each other. Sometimes there is a compromise or marriage, and the deities of both parties are placed in equal honor in the Pantheon.

Neglect of public rites destroyed citizenship. Interdiction of worship, for any offence, was exile. "The safety of the state was the supreme law."

"There are two sentences inscribed upon the Delphic oracle, largely accommodated to the usages of man's life: **Know thyself,** and **Nothing too much;** and upon these all other precepts depend."—*Plutarch.*

Asklepios, called the "Son of God," was the deity of dreamland. On his temple at Epidaurus was inscribed, **None but the pure shall enter here.**

"Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world, which is not Greek in its origin."—*Henry Sumner Maine.*

The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false.

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends, the Readers of Unity:

UNITY will begin its fifteenth year with the first number for March. If every subscriber will make it a birthday present of a renewal and several new subscriptions, it will enable me to extend the work of the paper as never before.

Three years ago the editors and subscribers co-operated with the publisher in a successful effort which doubled the subscription list and enabled me to enlarge the paper and reduce the price to a dollar a year.

Since that time voluntary work for the circulation of UNITY, with a few pleasant exceptions, has practically ceased, and the increase in circulation, which has continued, has been by the expensive methods of newspaper advertising and premium offers, so that the growth of the paper has been secured by a heavy excess of cash outlay over cash receipts for the last two years.

If I am to continue as publisher of UNITY this state of things will have to be improved in some way. The simplest and easiest way to assure the future of the paper is to add two thousand paying subscribers to the list. If all our friends will give each a little real work, the thing can be done in two weeks.

The only way the printers of UNITY have been paid for two years past is from the profits on my book publishing business, and every purchase of books is an indirect help to the maintenance of the paper. I have ready a new catalogue, classified by subjects, which I shall be glad to send to any readers who may ask for it.

The books advertised at special prices in recent clearance lists published in UNITY, are for the most part closed out, but a few are still to be had. Some slightly damaged copies of Mr. Blake's "St. Solifer," Mr. Cole's "The Auroraphone," Mr. Hancock's "The Genius of Galilee," and "John Auburntop, Novelist," and Rabbi Hahn's "History of the Arguments for the Existence of God" are still on hand. These books retail at 50 cents each, and I will mail the damaged copies for 25 cents each as long as they last. Also there are a few slightly damaged copies of Dr. Bixby's "Religion and Science as Allies," which will be mailed for 20 cents, the retail price being 30 cents.

Subscriptions and book orders should be addressed to CHARLES H. KERR & Co, Publishers, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago. Remit by express order where possible, as postal notes are no safer than currency.

C. H. K.

The Chicago *Tribune* says in a recent editorial: "Miss Juniata Stafford, for fifteen years a teacher in the public schools of this city, has written an interesting little brochure, entitled 'The Ethics of School Life,' which has just been published in neat pamphlet form. Her long experience in the schools has qualified her to give suggestions and advice to those who are beginners and have not yet made a study of the nature and impressible minds of children. Her work is in direction of better methods of teaching young children, and as such undoubtedly will prove of interest to those engaged in the profession." The pamphlet referred to will be mailed to any address for 15 cents by CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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